

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	F/F , F/M , M/M
Fandom:	Overwatch (Video Game) , Shameless (US)
Relationship:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari/Angela "Mercy" Ziegler , Soldier: 76 Jack Morrison/Reaper Gabriel Reyes , Jesse McCree/Hanzo Shimada , Emily (Overwatch)/Lena "Tracer" Oxtion , Lúcio Correia dos Santos/Hana "D.Va" Song , Junkrat Jamison Fawkes/Mei-Ling Zhou , Aleksandra "Zarya" Zaryanova/Mei-Ling Zhou , Widowmaker Amélie Lacroix & Sombra
Character:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari , Jesse McCree , Lena "Tracer" Oxtion , Emily (Overwatch) , Hana "D.Va" Song , Sombra (Overwatch) , Junkrat Jamison Fawkes , Lúcio Correia dos Santos , Aleksandra "Zarya" Zaryanova , Mei-Ling Zhou , Angela "Mercy" Ziegler , Roadhog Mako Rutledge , Soldier: 76 Jack Morrison , Reaper Gabriel Reyes , Reinhardt Wilhelm , Torbjörn Lindholm , Brigitte (Overwatch) , Bastion (Overwatch) , Genji Shimada
Additional Tags:	Shameless AU , Lots of cigarettes and drinking and weed , group of delinquents , just trying to get by , and also participate in lots of shenanigans , they sell weed , they get in fights , they aren't related but they're family , there will be smut , and lots of fluff , and also lots of angst , tons of shenanigans and delinquent activities , not all the relationships are there in the beginning , actually only Hana/Lucio and Lena/Emily are there , the rest will come as the fic progresses , not centered on one character or ship , did I mention shenanigans? , Fluff , lots of fluff , Crack , Fluff and Humor , Alternate Universe - Domestic , Underage Drinking , Underage Smoking
Stats:	Published: 2017-05-07 Updated: 2017-05-08 Chapters: 2/? Words: 2443

And Yes, We Can Keep Living Like This

by [Hipsterpotomu5](#)

Summary

Fareeha lives in her mother's house in Baltimore, though her mother is god knows where. Jesse was the first to move in with her. Then Lena, and her friend Hana. Lena brought her girlfriend Emily, who brought her little sister Rebecca. Hana invited her online friend Sombra. Mako and Jamison live across the street, and Zarya lives next door. Fareeha is only a few years older than the rest of them, Jesse being the exception, but she's the mother of the group. Together, they do what they can to get by and pay the bills. They make sure to get up to no good along the way. They may not be the best people, they may not be on

the right side of the law all the time, but one thing is for sure. They're family. And yes, they can keep living like this.

Notes

Hey all, welcome to my latest burning bus to hell! Here's an idea I've been cooking up for a long time, and am finally writing it! This is completely separate from my other stuff, this is an AU based on the show Shameless. It's on netflix, it's my favorite show, I highly recommend checking it out. If you haven't seen it, though, that won't affect you reading this as it isn't directly based on the show. Just taking the concept of the show and using the Overwatch cast. Lots of ships in here, though most of them aren't together in the start, they'll be introduced as the story progresses. It won't be told from just one character's perspective. Each chapter can be from any character, depends on what the chapter is about. They won't be like back back to back events. More like chronological slice of life chapters. Anyway. Here's the first one, hope you enjoy! And please please let me know what you think in the comments :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Gum

Fareeha peeked in the window, looking through the small crack in the drapes. The house seemed empty. She looked over her shoulder, checking the street behind her. All quiet. No witnesses. Good. She was through the door without a problem, opening it with a practiced silence. She peered around the house, closing the door silently. There were voices coming from upstairs. If she wasn't quiet, she risked them hearing her.

Fareeha didn't enjoy doing this. But she wasn't made of money. She had to do what she needed to get by. She moved through the living room, looking for valuables. She entered the kitchen, checking behind her to make sure no one had snuck up behind her. Determining the coast was clear, she moved to the sink. As she opened the cabinet below, she heard a noise upstairs and froze. A few footsteps, then a pause.

The footsteps didn't continue. Safe, for now. Fareeha reached into the cabinet, hand moving to the roof of it, where she found what she was looking for. She grabbed it, pulling the tape that secured it up off so she could remove it. Footsteps sounded again, this time more rapid and heading towards the stairs. *Shit.* Down the stairs the person came, only seconds away from spotting Fareeha. She looked to her right. Should she try to make a run for it? Hide what she grabbed and try and make excuses for what she was doing?

"Hey, Ree," came a voice from by the couch. Lena. "Home from work already?" Too late. The Brit had yet to notice what was in her right hand. She turned slightly, trying to hide it behind her body.

"Hey Lena," she responded. "Yea, I just got back." She smiled, trying to keep Lena's attention away from her hand. She slowly moved her hand to her pocket, ready to slip her prized possession in and away from sight. But it was not to be.

"Oi, ya got gum?" Lena asked, her eyes darting to Fareeha's hand.

She was found out. But she could limit the damage. "Yes, yes," she said, almost in a whisper. "You can have a piece, just keep your voice down." She pulled out a stick from the pack and extended it, eyes darting around the living room nervously as Lena took it. The Brit nodded her thanks and moved back towards the couch, looking around before grabbing a cellphone from the coffee table.

Fareeha let out a sigh of relief as no footsteps came from upstairs. No one else had heard. Then the bathroom door opened, and her relief was flushed down the toilet.

"Did I hear somethin' about gum?" Jamison asked loudly.

Fuck.

As Jamison moved through the living room towards the kitchen, footsteps sounded upstairs. "Someone has gum?" a voice called down.

"Yea, Fareeha does," answered Lena, face buried in the phone.

Feet thundered down the stairs like a herd of elephants. Sombra, Lúcio, Emily, Rebecca, and Jesse emerged in the living room, one after the other like a conga line of hungry seagulls. They flooded into the kitchen, and Fareeha simply held out the pack of gum, defeated. Jamison grabbed the pack, taking a stick and tossing it to Sombra. Fareeha took a head count, smile breaking out as

she realized she'd have two pieces left.

Her bubble was burst as the front door swung open, Mako walking in. "What's all this about gum?" he asked, moving to the kitchen.

"How did you even hear that?" Fareeha asked, mainly to herself since no one was paying attention to her. "And what are you doing in my house?"

Sombra tossed the pack to him with a "Heads up." He caught it and took a piece, handing it to Emily. She passed it to Rebecca, who passed it to Lúcio, who passed it to Jesse. Finally it was returned to Fareeha, one precious stick of gum left. Mako moved to the fridge, grabbing a beer before heading back out the door. The swarm dissipated, heading back upstairs.

Only Sombra was still in sight when another voice came from upstairs. "Hey, I thought you were gunna get me a piece!" Hana. Fareeha's heart sank. Sombra looked back at her, and Fareeha looked down at the sole remaining stick of gum. Without looking up, Fareeha whispered, "Just...just take it." Sombra made her way back down the stairs and to the kitchen, taking the last stick of gum. "I just wanted a piece of gum after work. Just once."

Sombra gave her a sympathetic smile. "Maybe next time, *chica*." Fareeha only sighed as she retreated upstairs to deliver the gum to Hana. She could never just have a piece of gum after work. Always swarmed as soon as it was discovered that she had gum. Just one time, she wished she could not lose half a pack to moochers.

"Oi, thems a bunch of animals, huh?" Fareeha's gaze snapped to Jamison, who remained in the kitchen, leaning against the counter. "One second you got gum, then blam-o, it's all gone!"

Fareeha took a long, deep breath, dragging her hand over her face. "Jamison," she started, her voice deadpan and the epitome of 'done', "get out of my house." Not angry. Just frustrated. Jamison started to speak his defense, but Fareeha shut him down with a firm, "Out." He put his hands in the air, mumbling about how no one can take a joke anymore, and made his way out of the house. As he opened the door, Fareeha called to him, "And tell Mako he's welcome for the beer!" Jamison grunted, and closed the door behind him.

Fareeha stood there for a second, sighing again, before flopping down on the couch next to Lena. Lena looked to Fareeha and chuckled. Fareeha gave her a sidelong look, which made Lena laugh a little harder. She reached into her mouth, pulling half her gum from her mouth and holding it out to Fareeha. She considered it for a moment, before shrugging and popping it in her mouth.

"You're gross," teased Lena.

Fareeha rolled her eyes. "Says the one who offered." She pulled the phone from Lena's hands, speaking up to block out her protests. "Go find another one. I have to talk to Darren. He's mad at me for shit he started. Again." Lena gave her an 'ugh' before getting up and storming up the stairs in search of another phone.

As Fareeha entered Darren's number and waited as the phone rang, she sighed. Half a piece of pre-chewed gum. Good enough.

Early Morning Delivery

Chapter Notes

So just some info about the story, ages of everyone so far. Fareeha -24, Jesse -25, Hana -17, Sombra -19, Lúcio -18, Lena -17, Emily -18, Jamison -22, Rebecca(Emily's little sister) -9, Mako -35. Also in this chapter I reference Columbia. That's Columbia Maryland, not Columbia the South American country

Anyway, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Fareeha dragged her hand over her face as the phone rang. She glanced out the window to the street, where her car *should* have been parked.

“911, what’s your emergency?” came the operator’s voice.

“Yea, I need to report a stolen car,” she said, agitation clear in her voice.

“Ok, can I get your name?” the operator responded.

“Fareeha Amari. That’s f a r e e h a, a m a r i.”

The sound of snapping fingers drew Fareeha’s attention to the couch behind her where Hana and Lúcio lounged. “Are you sure Jesse didn’t take it?” Hana asked.

Fareeha shook her head. “No, his motorcycle is gone too. Don’t see how he could drive both at once.” She gave a short chuckle. “He can barely ride the motorcycle as is.” A voice in her ear drew her back to the phone conversation. “Oh yea, sorry. It’s a 1997 Ford Escort LX Wagon.”

“Uh, color, I’d say...” She looked back at Hana. “Puke green?” Hana nodded in agreement. “It used to be a lot darker but it’s faded over time.”

“And plate number?”

“JU5-T1C3.”

“Ok, anything else that would help identify it?”

“Uh, like describe it? Let’s see...” Fareeha pondered it for a moment, though Lucio was making slashing motions. It clicked in Fareeha’s mind what he was implying. “There’s a bunch of long scratches on the driver’s side from a key. And a baseball sized dent in the trunk from, well...from a baseball.” She was about to continue with the various dents and dings on the car when from outside she heard a familiar sputter. She pressed her head against the window to look down the street, sighing as she saw a puke green Ford Escort LX Wagon making its way towards the house.

As it came to a stop in front of the house, Fareeha found herself pinching the bridge of her nose to stifle a string of curses. “So,” she said into the phone, even more annoyed than she’d previously been, “it was just one of the people who I live with. Took it without telling me. Or anyone. They’ve returned with it now”

“So no report needs to be filed?”

“No, I’m sorry to bother you.”

“It’s no problem. Have a nice day, Ms. Amari.”

“Yea, you too.” Fareeha ended the call and tossed the phone to Hana. “Don’t waste all the data, please.”

Hana gave a noncommittal grunt, which was good enough for Fareeha. She moved to the staircase, leaning against the rail and waiting for the two car thieves to walk through the door. Emily came through first, giving Fareeha a small wave and a shameless smile. Fareeha smiled politely back at her as she made her way up the stairs.

Lena slunk in after her, eyes darting from the ceiling, the floor, anywhere but Fareeha’s eyes. “Mornin’, Ree,” she mumbled as she made to go up the staircase. Fareeha’s arm stretched out to block her way, and her eyes rose to meet a hard gaze. “Aw, what, Em gets a free pass but I’m in trouble?”

Fareeha snorted. “Wherever you went, I know Emily only went with you to make sure you didn’t get yourself killed.” Lena nodded, conceding that point. “I assume you were going to make a delivery.” Lena nodded again. “Why couldn’t you just take a bike? You don’t have a license, driving with weed in the car. You can’t be stupid like this!” Fareeha brought a hand up to her forehead.

“Oi, it was worth it, I swear!” Lena reached into her back pocket and pulled out a wad of cash. “My friend’s cousin, he lives out in Columbia—”

“You drove out to Columbia?” Fareeha interrupted, nearly shouted.

“Yes, yes, just let me explain it to ya!” Lena retorted, exasperated. “Listen, so my friend said the kid’s a real idiot, right. Told’em I’d have to charge him a special delivery fee. Fifty bucks extra.” Lena chuckled, quite pleased with herself.

Fareeha didn’t share the feeling. Her face skeptical, she asked, “How much did you sell him to justify fifty dollars to deliver it to him?” Footsteps sounded on the stairs, and Fareeha looked up over her shoulder to see Jamison walking down. “What, you slept over?” she asked him as he reached the landing.

“Yea, dragged my mattress across the street and threw it in the empty room,” Jamison responded casually, nodding to Lena.

Fareeha turned to face him, her mouth slightly agape. “Why?” she asked, incredulous. “Go sleep in *your own house*.” One overnight shift, and she missed *another* person moving into her house. Typical.

Lena pulled a wad of cash from her back pocket and handed it to Jamison as he passed. “Three hundred, yea?” Lena nodded, and he stuffed the money into his pocket. He moved past the couch, reaching over and snatching the phone from Hana’s hands. He ignored her protests, looking back to Fareeha and saying, “Eh, Mako snores too much.” He wandered off to the kitchen, texting away on the phone.

Fareeha paid little attention to Jamison, though, her attention fixed on Lena, anger painted on her face. “Three hundred dollars? So without your ‘delivery fee’ that’s two fifty. You sold him an ounce of weed?”

Lena chuckled again. “Yea, like I said, the cousin’s daft. Friend told him that would last him like a week.”

Fareeha wasn’t laughing, though. “I don’t care about that. You were driving with an ounce of weed in the car. How can you be that stupid?” Lena shifted her eyes to avoid Fareeha’s gaze. “And I can assume you were speeding the whole way there and back?”

Lena looked back at Fareeha, her face growing red. “No, I - see, no I wasn’t -”

Fareeha looked up towards the stairs, calling out, “Em, how fast was Lena driving?”

“Around a hundred miles per hour,” came Em’s voice. Fareeha turned her head back to Lena, who visibly flinched under her gaze.

“So you were driving without a license, going a hundred miles an hour, with an ounce of weed on you.” Fareeha ran her hand through her hair, doing her best to collect herself. “If you got caught, and apparently you were doing your best to, that’s a year in prison.” Lena’s eyes went back to the floor. “You’re old enough, they could charge you as an adult if they wanted. And it’s not like you haven’t been in court before.” Fareeha paused, a small chuckle interrupting her. “They know you’re trouble.” Lena looked up to see Fareeha’s grin and laughed. “When your friend tells you his cousin wants more, tell me. I’ll drive you.” Fareeha held out her fist.

Lena knocked her knuckles against Fareeha’s, grinning. “And next time, he won’t get the ‘first time customer discount’, so we’ll have to charge him more.”

Fareeha snorted. “That’s good. Ask your friends if he has any more stupid cousins, yea?” Lena nodded, and started up the stairs. “Hey!” Lena stopped and turned, caught off guard by Fareeha’s sudden call. “Keys?” Lena chuckled and pulled them from her pocket, dropping them in Fareeha’s hands. “Now, go to your room or something.” Fareeha’s mouth slid into a sly grin. “You’re grounded.”

Lena huffed and rolled her eyes. “Yea, ‘mom’, whatever.”

Fareeha snickered as she pulled a pack of cigarettes from her back pocket. She wandered over to the couch where Hana and Lúcio were sharing a pair of earbuds. “Either of you have a light?” Hana shook her head, then paused for a second in thought. She turned on the couch and reached her hand in the crack between the cushions. As she pulled her hand out, she held a lighter. “Good spot for it...” Fareeha muttered as Hana sparked a flame for her.

Lúcio held up his earbud. “Wanna give my new song a listen?” Fareeha took a drag of the cigarette before nodding, plopping down on the couch next to Hana. She stuck the earbud in her ear and closed her eyes, relaxing to the calming beat of Lúcio’s song. It was too damn early for responsibilities.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading again! Hopefully you’re starting to understand what this series will be like :) Like always let me know your thoughts, questions, criticisms, anything!

End Notes

Thanks for reading, all! I'd love to hear what you're thinking! Since these chapters are gunna be shorter than my usual idea of a chapter, hopefully I can post something sorta weekly. That's what I'm aiming for!

Last but not least, I have a playlist of music that has been inspiring me while I brainstorm this fic, so I thought I would share it with you! Feel free to check it out :)
<https://open.spotify.com/user/hipsterpotomu5/playlist/5r8jax9yEYVuLaRlqeZ9bI>

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!